

# MIDNIGHT HOUR.



'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,  
The dewdrops play beneath her ray,  
The twinkling stars, their trembling light,  
Like beauty's eyes display.  
Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart,  
Some tender dream may idly play,  
For midnight song with magic art,  
Shall chase that dream away.

'Tis midnight hour, from flower to flower,  
The wayward zephyr floats along,  
Or lingers in some shady bower,  
To hear the night bird's song.  
Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart,  
Some tender dream may idly play,  
For midnight song with magic art,  
Shall chase that dream away.

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